

DO YOU REMEMBER?

DO YOU REMEMBER? Yes, I am sure you do, because it was the evening of your wedding day. The impressive ceremony was over. The reception that followed was drawing to a close. How proud you were of the bride and groom. How beautiful she had looked. The last guests were saying their adieu. Isabelle had come to her room to change her wedding gown for her pretty traveling suit. You had already slipped away and had changed your clothes and were sitting out on the gallery. You could see Isabelle's mother and father in the living room. You knew that they were waiting to tell their dear little girl goodbye. You knew what they were saying to them. "Don't you forget to write to us. Don't you forget to let us know how you are. You can't help but match them closely at this time. You know that their thoughts had slipped back over the years."

Don't you remember seeing her father take her mother's hand? You saw him even now draw the dear old woman towards him. You could see the tears come into their eyes. You knew that they both realized another wedding day of many years before. They were talking softly to each other. Don't you remember how you almost wished that you could have overheard their conversation? You tried to picture in your mind's eye how they had looked on their wedding night. You knew that he must have been a stalwart, handsome man, for his carriage was still around and the key clear. As he sat there looking at Isabelle's mother, you knew that he was seeing her as the attractive young woman of many years before. She was looking up at him with that confidence which had not been shaken by the years and you knew that she could see before her the youth when he had sworn to love and honor her.

You could feel a lump coming into your throat as you watched them. Instantly you straightened your shoulders and determined that you would work so hard to develop the best that was in you, that some day in the years to come that your Isabelle's wife would look at you in the same way, with the same confidence, with the same trustfulness. Then don't you remember Isabelle coming into the living room and going over to where her father and mother were sitting? That was an impressive scene, wasn't it? You will never forget it. Will you? She threw her arms around their necks, crying. You knew what this parting would mean to her. As she stood

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE QUICK PUDDING.

HOW, BY R. G. CARIS

"WELL, did you have a nice time at the party last night, Baby Bunt?" asked Uncle Wiggly of the little rabbit girl the day after she had worn the lady slipper flowers on her tiny paws, as she danced with Johnnie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, at Alice Whiteblossom's entertainment.

"Yes, I had a lovely time," said Baby Bunt. "Thank you so much, Uncle Wiggly, for getting the flower slippers for me. Of course, I danced them through."

"Oh, no matter about that," said Uncle Wiggly. "There are more lady slippers growing in the place where the humbugs showed them to me. And now—"

"Tag! You're it!" suddenly cried Baby Bunt as she hopped off the porch after tagging Uncle Wiggly on his tail with her paw. "You must chase me!" laughed the rabbit girl. "Oh, I can't! Ouch! my rheumatism," cried Mr. Longears, as he put his paw to his back.

"Oh, if you hop about and run it will do your rheumatism good," said Uncle Wiggly. "Come on, Chase me!"

And Uncle Wiggly did, and he felt quite some better after it. He had just tagged Baby Bunt, making her hop about, when all of a sudden Mr. Longears came up the woodland path, and Mr. and Mrs. Whiteblossom, and with them was Grandfather Goosey Gander.

"Oh, goodness!" cried Baby Bunt, clapping her paws. "We're going to have company!"

"It does look so," spoke Uncle Wiggly, scratching his pink, twinkling nose with a cane from a pine tree. "Baby Bunt, you stand still and talk to them while I hop on ahead and tell Nurse Jane they're coming. You keep Grandpa Goosey waiting here a while."

"What for?" asked Baby Bunt.

"So they won't take Nurse Jane too much by surprise. She doesn't know where's coming, and her tail may be in curl papers for all I know," answered Uncle Wiggly.

So, while Baby Bunt kept Mr. and Mrs. Whiteblossom and Grandpa Goosey waiting on the woodland path, Uncle Wiggly hopped around the back way and told Nurse Jane that company was coming.

"Oh, dear me!" cried the muskrat lady. "I'm not ready for company! Of course I'm not! I had to have them, but I'm afraid!"

"Why, you look all right!" said Uncle Wiggly, magnanimous like and amiable. "Your tail isn't in curl papers and—"

"Oh, yes, but I haven't a thing in the house to eat," said Nurse Jane. "Still I could make a hasty pudding." She went on, "If you'll get me some corn meal."

"Of course I'll get it," promised Uncle Wiggly. "But what in the world is a hasty pudding?"

"Oh, it is one that is made very quickly," answered the muskrat lady. "You just stir up some corn meal in hot water, put in some sugar, some molasses, raisins and then flavor it with vanilla. That's a hasty pudding."

"Then I'll hop along and get the corn meal," said Uncle Wiggly. "You can entertain the company until I get back, and when I arrive with the corn meal I'll amuse them until you make the hasty pudding."

"Very good," spoke Nurse Jane. So, Uncle Wiggly hopped through the woods. From the top of a small hill he waved his paw to Baby Bunt, and then the little rabbit girl was waving everything was all right.

"Don't you company folk come up to the hollow stump back-along and sit down!" she asked, politely. "I'm sure Uncle Wiggly and Nurse Jane will want you to stay here."

"Thank you, we will," said Mrs. Whiteblossom. So up they went and sat down.

Meanwhile Uncle Wiggly was hurrying through the woods to the corn meal store, and soon he had reached it.

"Hurry, if you please," he said to Uncle Butter, the most gentleman who was behind the counter. "I want some corn meal for a very quick pudding."

"A very quick pudding? I never heard of such a kind," laughed Uncle Butter.

"Well, it's something like that," went on Uncle Wiggly. "A hasty pudding," spoke Uncle Butter.

"Oh, yes, that's it!" exclaimed Mr. Longears. "But I'm in a hurry, so it must be a quick pudding."

"I suppose so," said Uncle Butter.

The Young Lady Across The Way



The young lady across the way says if she ever writes a book, she's going to publish it posthumously first and see how it takes.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES.

Just Letters.

SILVER BELLS—You are not too tall or stout for your age. You see you're probably done a lot of your growing early, you may grow only two or three inches. The agar agar with undebatable help elevates your skin. Its price varies from 10c to 25c an ounce, and this amount will last several weeks. You must be careful of your diet too, don't eat between meals and avoid candy, ice cream sodas and other indigestible foods.

It's B. B.—No, pink stationery isn't considered good form for a man to use. As a matter of fact, white is the best to use, or gray, and for a woman, very pale colors if she wants. But white is always best and to make your stationery individual, add a simple embossed monogram.

Trills—If you could possibly do so, it would be best to cut your hair short and let it grow in curls in its natural color. But as you are an actress you may not be able to do this. You can use wax, and sulphur on it as a temporary stain to restore the original brown shade, and meantime, cut the hair as short as you can, and keep massaging it and treating it with tonic to strengthen it. It will be some time before the harm done by the alkali is overcome.

Amorous—I can tell you how to prevent eyes more easily than how to cure them. If you have this tendency, see a doctor for these things can be fairly serious. You must first of all go on a rigid diet and avoid all heating or rich or spicy foods—in other words a diet of light, nourishing plain things. Also, avoid fatigue, and late hours, and don't strain the eyes while the eye is there. A bread and milk or a flaxseed pudding will draw it to a head and of course lessen the time the affliction lasts, and bathing the eyes with any cooling antiseptic lotion will help.

M. L.—Regular exercise will help develop you and lead to make you

taller. You must not squeeze pimples or blackheads unless you are very careful to close the exposed pore with some salicylic acid. Use your sugar for pimples, and dirt. Use the cleansing powder for blackheads, directions for which are often published here.

Shirley—There is no exercise better than dancing to develop the calf of the leg. Your weight and height are all right for your age.

Fatty—Hobble all over and the hob will reduce in proportion. I don't know anything about the preparation you mention except that it sounds like a patent medicine.

Troubled—Don't worry about the blushing habit! You'll get over it as you become more accustomed to being about with lots of people. Meantime it's a very pretty habit, if you laugh at you, it's a kindly laugh, you know.

Curtis & Co. buy Liberty Bells—A. B.

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